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Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

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PROBATE COURT is held on the First Monday in February, May, August and November.

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IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main and Madison streets. HERMAN DAVIS, N. 3.
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STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133, A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner Main and Madison streets, on Saturdays or preceding full moon. W. R. EDGAR, W. M. W. A. FLETCHER, Secretary.
MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A., meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and third Tuesday of each month, at 7 P. M. W. R. EDGAR, M. E. H. P. H. B. JONES, Secretary.
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IRON POST, No. 346, G. A. R., meets the 2d and 4th Thursday Evenings of each month.
C. R. PECK, Adj't.
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PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 156, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday evening at its hall, CHAS. M. MANNING, Secretary.
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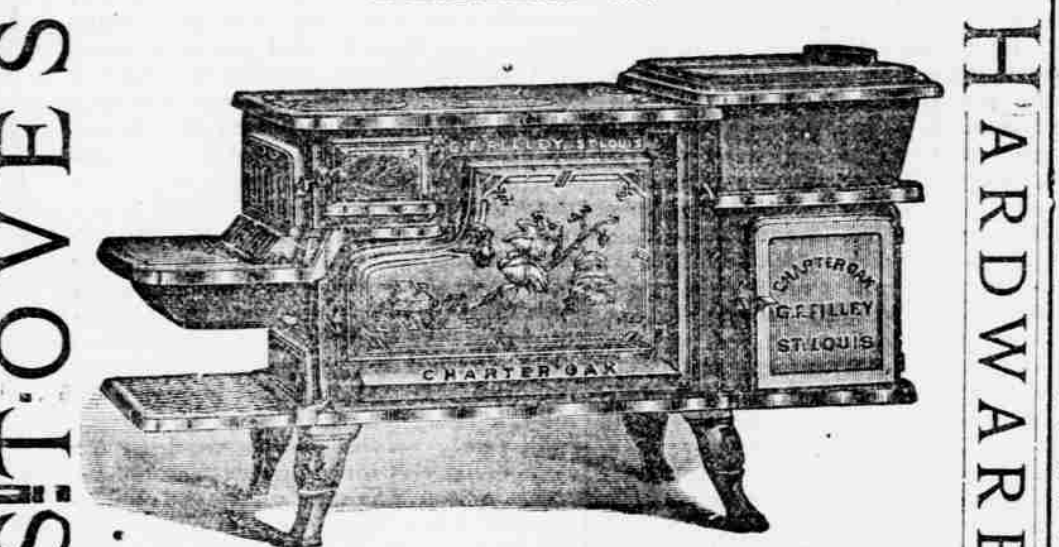
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ST. LOUIS, MO.

W. H. C. TOWNSEND, Gen. P. and T. Ag't.

The Hindoo Skeptic.

I think till I weary of thinking. Said the sad-eyed Hindoo King, And I see but shadows around me, Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God, Of his favor or his wrath? Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,

Or map out the eagle's path? Can the finite the infinite search? Did the blind discover the stars?

Is the thought that I think a thought Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For aught that my eyes can discern, Your God is what you think good— Yourself flashed back from the glass When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just, And this is His realm, you say; And the good are dying with hunger And the bad gorge every day.

You say that he loveth mercy, And the famine is not yet gone; And He hateth the shedder of blood, And He slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live, That the spirit can never die; If He was content when I was not, Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning; So must dung, and its meaning is flowers; What if our souls are but nurture For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water, When the birds soar out of the blue, Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge, And your good be no reflex to you.

In the Land of Flowers.

GROVE CITY, Fla., Nov. 23, 1891. D. A. JOHNSON, Esq.,

Dear Friend—From the above you will find that we are in the "land of flowers," and, knowing the interest you have in this place, I will try to give you a few particulars. My description may not be very poetic or elaborate, but it will be truthful, to the best of my knowledge.

After a three days' trip over several railroads, we arrived in Santa Gorda Wednesday morning, and, on account of a strong northern wind, had to lay over until next day, when Mr. J. H. Hafer came over in a fine sailboat, and in twelve hours we were at our future home. No pen can give a full and satisfactory description over the beauty and grandeur of this bay and its clear blue waters, teeming with fish of every known and unknown variety, and dotted with ducks, geese, cranes, plume birds, pelicans, seagulls and birds innumerable to mention. The bay is about one mile wide and sixteen miles long, bounded on one side by the main land, and hundreds, yes thousands of islands on the other, forming a kind of breastwork against the wind and waves of the gulf.

Now the first and vital question is the quality of land, and I am happy to say that, as far as I have seen, in my judgment, it is fully as good, if not superior, to the best lands in the State anywhere. It has a darker color and seems to be more compact than any I have seen on the East coast, or in the interior, and will readily produce all of the semi-tropical fruits, also all kinds of vegetables for the early market. We have now radishes, lettuce, cucumbers, onions, celery, tomatoes, cabbage growing nicely, and in a few weeks all of these will be ready for the market, and will command almost any price. One man here sold three boxes of cucumbers last January for \$120, and Mr. Hafer has raised onions from the seed weighing as high as three and one-half pounds.

There is hardly any city here yet; a few families are living on their lots, and the streets are chopped out, but as soon as the railroad comes through all will be changed in a hurry, and in a very few years we will have a thriving city, surrounded by orange and lemon groves. A good many groves are started already, among them is Col. Lewis, on Deer Creek, sixty acres.

Had it not been for the foolish scare of yellow fever a few years ago; this place would have been thickly settled now, but, although there was not a single case inside fifty miles of here, it stopped the wheels of progress and caused a depression which will take a good many years to repair.

The A. G. C. & L. railroad have commenced and the company are under bend to have both branches complete and in full running order before the 18th of May, 1893. The two roads will start at Lakeland, one running nearly due south, and the other via Tampa along the coast down to Boca Grande, the junction of the two roads to be Grove City or immediate vicinity.

There are no insects here whatever; have not seen a fly, flea or mosquito yet. On a calm evening a few sand-flies will be felt on the water's edge. There are several industries besides fruit-growing that will pay better here than anywhere else; among others sheep-raising and poultry. Cannot tell yet where the railroad

station will be, but as the president of the road, Mr. Peters, of Boston, Mass., has bought the Hotel building, the two will be close together. The price of lots is now \$15, (size of lots 30x100) but you understand that the price will advance very rapidly in the near future.

The other day I went across the bay fishing and caught a dozen large red fish, snappers and others, some of them weighing up to fifteen pounds, in as many minutes, and then the fun commenced. Some tarpons, jawfish and sharks came around to see me, and before you would have had time to say "Jack Robinson" I had lost all my hooks and lines, and was thankful to be on "terra firma" myself. I was taken by surprise, but will have revenge when I get larger hooks and stronger lines.

My wife is as happy as the biggest sunflower and looks fully ten years younger than before. Mr. Hafer seems to be one of the finest fellows I ever met with—kind, open and a thorough gentleman. I believe we will get along nicely and prosper together, whilst we try to save some poor sinners from perishing by cold and snow, by inducing them to come here.

Give our sincere well wishes to all our friends, especially remember us to your family. I could send your wife and children all the pretty shells they could wish, if the express was not so high. I would tell you a good deal more, but will have to stop now. Let me hear from you soon, and believe me Yours, ever truly, FRED. ROBERTSON.

Old Times.

Ed. Register—I have read in a number of newspapers, of late, how partridges drum; but not one said anything about catching them. Down at my old home, in the Connecticut river valley, there are large tracts of sandy land back against the mountains, where the ocean has, at some time of the world's history, beat up against those mountains, and left large tracts of white sand, where nothing will grow but white pine and white birch. I have seen tracts of that sand covered with young pine so thick no bush or weed or grass could grow—the pines so close together they grew up almost like cane brakes. We would go to those thickets to get our fishing-poles. The trees grew so thick together that you could not see the sun through the thick tops, they were so matted together. The ground underneath would be carpeted with the brown, dead pine needles or leaves. The only things that could grow were wintergreens and partridge berries and a little vine called ground-pine. In the spring of the year, as soon as the snow has disappeared, you can see millions of little pale red things pushing up through the brown pine needles, with three leaves about a half inch long and a little narrower, the leaves folded flat against each other—the stem about three inches high when well up. These little leaves are very tender and delicious to eat, with a mild wintergreen flavor. After a few weeks, they have attained their growth, about one and a half inches by one inch. They are then very tough. Under each leaf you will see a beautiful white flower, with a faint color of pink—shaped and looking like the lily of the valley. After a while, a pale-red berry takes the place of the flower. These berries are very sweet and nice to eat. Every boy and girl in that country will gather their hands and pockets full to eat.

Our old meeting-house on the hill was surrounded by these pine groves, and every Sunday noon, between the morning and afternoon service, every boy and girl would be found making their way among the pines gathering wintergreens. And such a time eating them during the afternoon meeting! I shall never forget one Sabbath. All the young folks had been out in the woods and had filled their pockets as full as they could stuff. Every boy's and girl's jaws were just going, eating those delicious leaves, and they made such a noise the minister could not preach. He stopped in the middle of his sermon and requested the tithing man to go through all the pews in the gallery and gather up all the things the boys and girls were eating. Such a scene I never saw before. As each boy emptied his pockets and handed them over to the tithing man, he would pile them on his arm until they were all delivered up, and then deposit them on a vacant seat. You should have seen the smiles on the faces of the congregation! All this time the minister stood with his arms leaning on the desk before him. After all the greens were gathered in, he said, "If you have got them all in, we will proceed with the sermon." And didn't those boys' and girls' faces look rosy! I think that was the last time I ever saw wintergreens.

for I think it was the next winter we left the old home.

But to return. In these pine woods was the home of the partridge. There they made their nests and hatched out great broods of young partridges, that fed upon those berries. In the fall of the year every boy that lived in the vicinity of one of these forests of pine would select a piece of the woods to set snares to catch those partridges; and it was an unwritten law among them that no one should encroach upon another one's territory. After a boy had chosen his ground, he would cut a large armful of small sticks, about eighteen inches long. After the sticks were prepared, he would begin by setting those sticks in the ground, about three or four inches apart, in pairs; about five or six feet apart lengthwise. Then he would set a snare made of horsehair. After the hedge and snare were all right, he would scoop a path along each side of the hedge. If a partridge came along, he would always walk in the path, and when he came to one of those openings, walk right through, and find he had run his head into the snare.

If the country was infested with foxes, they would set a twitchup. A twitchup is made by bending over a small sapling, and fastening the snare to the end of the spring, which is bent down to the hedge and fastened with a notch cut in one of the uprights of the opening in the hedge. When the bird, or rabbit, or fox, or any animal, undertakes to pass through, he runs his head into the snare. As he struggles to get free, the spring becomes unfastened and jerks the game away up into the air as high as the sapling is.

In the morning, when the owner goes out to see what he has caught in his snares, it makes his heart go pit-a-pat as he sees partridges and rabbits hanging by the neck. It is very exciting to a boy at such a time, and how proud he feels as he goes home with his hands full of game! I can well remember how it made me feel at such a time. In the fall, these partridges are very nice to eat, but after the cold winter set in they will eat the pine buds and the buds of apple trees. I have seen those partridges, in the early morning and late in the evening, sitting in the tops of the apple trees, snipping the buds off the limbs. Next spring those trees would have no blossoms, for the birds had stripped the blossom buds all off, and the pine and apple buds give a bad taste to the flesh of the bird. Sometimes they are so tainted with pine the flesh tastes like pitch and it is unfitted for food.

I remember one Thanksgiving a lot of our boy cousins came to spend the after-thanksgiving days, the greatest of the year. After we had played base ball, and barn ball, and all the other games we could think of, some one proposed that we all go down to a piece of pine woods called "The Swamp Lot." After loading up the old fowling-piece, the same one I had made over and brought to this Valley, we all started. Just as we entered the wood, what should we see but a large flock of partridges. The boy who happened to have the gun—for they had taken turns carrying the old thing—as soon as he saw them, fired away at the flock and killed two or three of them. Then the boys took turns at shooting, for the birds did not seem to know what a gun was, and did not try to get away until we had killed about half the flock. As well as I can remember, we got fourteen. It was talked about by all the neighbors as something remarkable. That night some more of the flock got caught in the snares we had made, which took the most of the flock.

T. P. R.

The Tariff and Silver Coinage.

Editor Register—

Your readers will recognize Senator Carlisle of Kentucky, formerly Speaker of the House, as one of the foremost statesmen of our country, as well as a safe and wise political leader. He has always been thoroughly on the side of the people. His views, therefore, on the subject of the Tariff and Free Silver Coinage, in their relation to Democratic policy in the coming campaign, are worthy of respectful consideration. A few days ago he expressed his views as follows:

"The tariff, I think, should be made the principal issue, and if the question of silver enters into the campaign it should be secondary to the tariff. I don't think the Democratic party should take up the silver question for consideration at this time. It certainly should not put a plank in its national platform favoring free coinage. I do not think the majority of the business people of the United States are in favor of further legislative interference with the currency at this time, and some

of the propositions suggested are full of danger to the country. The free coinage of the American product of silver, as proposed by some, would certainly be worse for the people generally in one respect, at least, than any plan yet adopted, as they would donate all the difference between the bullion value and the coinage value of the metal to the owners of mines and speculators in mining stock instead of the Government, making them a present in fact from the people of the United States of a great many million dollars every year. From February 28, 1878, the date of the resumption of the coinage of the silver dollar, to June 30, 1891, this difference amounted to nearly \$72,000,000, which has gone into the Treasury to the credit of the tax-payers of the country. Of course if the Government receives bullion from the owners, it is free of charge and gives him back a stamped dollar for every 371 grains of pure silver, the bullion owner will receive a very large sum over and above the commercial value of his product in the markets of the world.

In other words, by coining the silver for the mine owners, without charge, we would be giving them over twenty-four million dollars a year over and above the value of their silver in the market. That profit is saved to the people by the Government having the silver and paying for it in legal tender currency based on the silver thus purchased and held for coinage when ever the people prefer silver dollars instead of the legal tender notes. Let the government buy as much silver as the mine owners would offer for coinage in any event, but let it do the coining for itself, for all the people, not for the few. Yours, truly, J. W. EMERSON.

Close Of School.

Ed. Register—I send you a verbatim et literal copy of an essay written by one of my pupils, Laura Henderson, who is just twelve years old, and read at the close of my school in Clones district on the 24th. J. T. PATTERSON.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

When contemplating the close of school, my thoughts naturally drift over the past acts, both good and bad, that have characterized our being while connected with the present term of school which closes to-day. We have just closed an arduous struggle for knowledge; and how well we have succeeded, is to be measured by the efforts put forth during the struggle. The best institutions of learning that can open their portals to us can only furnish assistance, and the actual work of advancement must depend principally upon our own efforts. To-day we realize that many precious moments have been wasted, and are numbered with the things of the past.

But we cannot call them back; and this fact alone should stimulate us to grander and sublimer aspirations in the future. Never before in life has it occurred to me so forcibly as it does to-day, that we are so soon to step upon the stage of activity to try the sterner realities of life. We also realize that one is not judged by what he could have done, but by what he has done, and that the time is near at hand when all men will be judged by their intellects. This being true, how important that we should strive to prepare ourselves for the duties that await us.

It has been truly said that our school days are the happiest of our lives; and as we older grow, how much more forcibly do we realize that such is true. To-day, this beautiful afternoon, when we contemplate the separation that is so soon to follow, sadness chases away the smiles of happiness that have characterized our being during the past six months. The question comes to me over and over again, "Shall we ever meet here again?" And, if not, are we prepared to battle against the many adversities that will surely come across our pathway to cast a gloom of despondency over our lives? Be that as it may, we to-day step out from the instructions that have been so carefully given us to prepare us for future usefulness. Let us ever be found up and doing, having a grander view of life and a nobler purpose, a brighter anticipation for the crowning object in life.

How pleasant have been our school days. Within these dear and rustic walls, we will think of them on our journeys As future years around us fall, Together we have walked life's journey Cutting flowers from wisdom's garden fair.

The summons to part we must obey, And with others our pleasures share. These cherished days are ended, They are numbered with the past, Time, in his ever onward tread, Holds them forever in his grasp. But while the thoughts of other times So bright, so few we wander over, Then comes a thought, in another clime, We will meet again to part no more. Bye and bye in a world that's new, In a life that's all untrod, We will pluck with pleasure, glad and true,

Flowers eternal on the other side. School mates and teacher, it is hard to leave The places we have loved so well, But the hour has come when we must breathe The parting words, farewell, farewell.

The names of Steinitz and Tschigorin would lead one to regard chess as a sneaky game.—Star-Sayings.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.